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HOW THE WAY WAS PREPARED

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How the Way Was Prepared.

Prepare ye the way.—*Isa. xl : 3.*

In company with Edwin Santes, an educated Christian Indian, Rev. W. H. Gill of Arizona made an exploring tour among the villages of the Papago Indians. Of this visit Mr. Gill says:

"We first visited two villages on the Gila River, seventy-five miles west of Phœnix. At the first village we did not meet with a very warm reception, though a few came to hear. At the second village we went into camp and soon the Indians began to gather out of curiosity. These we would teach whether there was one or a dozen at a time, as they were coming and going every day. All would sit down upon the ground (Oriental style), and in this attitude we found the dust of the Gila valley a splendid sand map for any kind of illustrative work. I will never forget the unbroken attention of a circle of eight men as we portrayed by word and stick the broad and the narrow way. Sometimes these meetings would continue far into the night. Then we would roll up in our blankets and sleep upon the ground. In this way and by visiting the homes we were able to publish the good news of salvation to nearly all that village.

"At San Miguel they brought us food and gave us the use of the best house in the village as long as we remained. The whole pop-

ulation came to our meeting the first night. The news spread and another village, several miles away, came the second night. They said they had never heard these things before. During our stay there fourteen accepted Christ, the first ones being the parents of Santes. When we left they gathered around us to bid us farewell and urged us to come back again.

"At Keik-wak we stayed seven days, each of us preaching eight times. Result: The whole village of about forty decided for Christ. At Quijotia we found about forty Indian placer miners with their families. They had a Catholic Church wholly belonging to themselves, having gotten their ideas from Mexico, no white priest ever visiting them. I was invited by the chief to hold my meetings there. So the strange spectacle was seen of a Protestant missionary sitting before the altar, images, burning candles and all the gorgeous trumpery of a Romish Church preaching Christ as the only mediator, and showing the folly and sin of bowing down to images and worshipping the Virgin. At the close, the chief, who is a kind of priest, and all the people shook our hands heartily, the women putting the hands of the babies into ours. Then a council was called and a messenger sent over the mountains, ten miles away, to another village summoning the rest of the clan to come and hear the good news.

"The next night as I was beginning services, I saw the Indians from the other village filing down the canon. They quickly dismounted and stood or sat upon the ground in deep silence, as they listened to the wonderful doctrine of salvation, a gift. The chief priest came to me twice at camp to get advice. He said in substance: 'I and my peo-

ple are in great darkness. We have built this church and have been worshipping God the best we knew how. We have been looking for some one a long time to come and tell us more about God and how to serve Him. You are the first to come to us. We want you to come back again. What shall I do about teaching these people?'

"Could the Christian churches of the land see the things I have seen in the past month, I believe it would mean a million dollars more for home missions. Think of it! A whole tribe turning to Christ from the false teaching of 200 years.

"One of the greatest factors in reclaiming this tribe for Christ is the *Tucson Presbyterian Mission School.* The children who are trained there go home with Protestant ideas, and here is the chief secret of our cordial reception in at least three villages of the regular Pagagoes. However, as this grand school with its present facilities is only reaching one-fourth of the villages, you can readily see the great need of a missionary in the field."

Shall it be in vain that the way has been prepared for the missionary?

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How the Light Was Carried

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How the Light Was Carried.

The entrance of thy Word giveth light.—*Ps. cxix: 130.*

Klawak is a little native Alaskan village situated on the western side of Prince of Wales Island. A short time ago Klawak was in darkness. Now the call comes for more light. How the light entered and the plea for more is told us by our native Alaskan preacher, Rev. Edward Marsden. In company with the engineer and one deck hand Mr. Marsden left Saxman in the little steam launch *Marietta*, sailed north to Sitka, then to the west side of Prince of Wales Island to Shakan, which was reached after a two days' run from Sitka. The natives welcomed him most heartily, and came together for a conference. The Shakan people have never had a missionary among them, yet they have learned to respect and keep the Sabbath from the example set them by Christian natives either from Sitka, Howcan or Wrangel. There is a large saw-mill at Shakan which gives employment to many of the natives. After leaving Shakan, Mr. Marsden stopped at Tuxecan and then at Klawak.

Of the people at Klawak he writes: "They had been looking for me for some time, and as soon as we called word was sent around that I had arrived. They at once assembled in a certain house that was used for their meetings, and in this assembly I talked freely

with the people and they did the same with me.

"Before I explain to you the situation at Klawak, a word concerning the place and people seems appropriate. Klawak is situated about half way on the west side of Prince of Wales Island, seventy miles north of Jackson and eighty from Shakan. It is well protected from the severe winds, and large steamers can enter its harbor. There are some salmon streams nearby, and from these streams the cannery at that place gets some of its fish. The people are very thrifty, and I was informed that they made excellent hands in the cannery and on the steamers. They raise but very few vegetables. They live in comfortable cottages. Once the Government maintained among them a day school, but owing to lack of funds the school was discontinued some four years ago. Once in a long while some native Christian and some missionary would give them a short visit. Until this last winter they were very much addicted to the use of rum. But a young man by the name of William Benson, who was at one time *a pupil at the Sitka School*, came to them and instituted amongst them a Christian work according to the methods of the Salvation Army. Although he himself was so limited in his training and so limited in his knowledge of God's Word, yet with a fully consecrated heart and a determined will to win them to the Saviour, he commenced his earnest labors and he has now nearly all of Klawak for the Master. Thus the people were so willing to listen to me.

"They are about 200 in number, and nearly all of this number is Christian, although not of course in the highest degree. They have altogether discontinued their rum habits;

they rest and worship on the Sabbath day; they hold prayer-meetings three times a week. I noticed that the seed is sown in their midst, and this is all that William Benson can do, to sow in their hearts as best he can the few seeds. But they need a missionary. They cry for him. They want him to come.

"I asked them: 'How about the missionary at Howcan? Will you be satisfied if he visits you once a month?' They responded: 'We all want him to come and visit us once a month, but it will be very hard on him and his people. He has to travel seventy miles, and in bad weather his travel will be attended with unforeseen dangers. His people at Howcan need his continuous services and attention, but we would be only too glad to see him here and listen to the Gospel that he may preach.'

"I again said: 'This being the case, all of you here at Klawak then must earnestly pray for the continuous services and attention of a new missionary.' 'We do earnestly pray for his coming,' they responded. 'Let us all pray for your new missionary,' I said. 'But you will know this, brethren, that the finding and sending of a new missionary is no easy thing. You must wait and see what the Lord will do for you. You must wholly trust and love Him. You must leave all other things behind and walk faithfully in His way. He will listen and answer your prayers.'"

Shall the call for more light be unheeded!

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